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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 27. No. 50 — CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 23, 1902 — D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N.B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid by the Publisher) at One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for first insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,
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Hue and Cry

"No use searching any further in this fog."

"Not a bit. We've done our best, and if he escapes—well, he deserves his luck," said the sergeant of the Bramling police force.

"Oh, we'll get him sooner or later," answered the warder.

"Well, if Jack Trevor is out in the open on a night like this he has my sympathy. Grand young chap he was, too. I often think that he was wrongly convicted."

"Don't know much about the case myself," said the warder. "I was up in the north then. Oldcastle murder, wasn't it ?"

"That's it."

"Love and money, I suppose ?"

"Well—yes. Three years ago Jack Trevor was the envy of his friends, a man of wealth, of good position, and engaged to the sweetest girl in the county. Brookhurst was her name—Kathleen Brookhurst. Lots of people wanted to marry her, and amongst them was Geofiry Oldcastle a wealthy company promoter and financier.

"Of course, being engaged to Jack Trevor, she wouldn't listen to him, and I suppose Oldcastle laid himself out for revenge. Anyway, he induced Trevor to embark in some of his swindling companies, and one fine evening Trevor found that he was practically a ruined man.

"He rushed off in an excited state to see Oldcastle, and found a big reception in full swing. He asked a manservant where he could find the financier, and was directed to the library.

"A quarter of an hour later Geofry Oldcastle was found dead, with Jack Trevor lying insensible across the body and a blood-dripping hunting-knife in his hand."

"Convicting evidence," commented the warder.

"Yes; and so it proved. When Trevor recovered consciousness all he knew was that when he opened the library door the room was in darkness. He turned to go out, when an unseen hand knocked him insensible. Anyway, at the inquest a verdict of wilful murder against Trevor was returned, and the trial resulted in a verdict of guilty and a sentence of death."

"Did the motive of the crime come out ?"

"Yes; the principal witness was Sir Charles Ogbourne, one of Oldcastle's guests. He's got a house just hereabouts now, but he's been abroad since the murder. He deposed to seeing Trevor enter the library, and hearing violent words between the two men. Thinking that it was a private quarrel he did not interfere, but he gathered from what they said that Oldcastle had ruined Trevor financially in order to prevent his marriage with Miss Brookhurst."

"Likely enough. Was he well defended ?"

"Brilliantly, I believe, by a young counsel named Jasper Peplow, who, strange to say, was with Sir Charles Ogbourne at Oldcastle's reception. Anyway, if he didn't get him off he got the sentence commuted to penal servitude for life. But it was an awful blow to Miss Brookhurst."

"Isn't she married yet ?"

"Not much; she marries Trevor or nobody, but I hear from my missus that Jasper Peplow persecutes the life out of her, and wants her to marry him. He's supposed to be working to prove Trevor's innocence but, not much, he doesn't want Trevor back again. Ha, ha !"

The bitterly cold fog of a late November hung over the railway embankment like a pall.

As the warder and his companion threw their legs over the railings and disappeared into the blackness, a man cautiously raised himself from the ditch and peered anxiously in the direction they had taken.

"The hue and cry is out, and well I know it, but with Heaven's help Jack Trevor will never be taken until he has established his innocence. Fortune has favored my escape so far, and if I can bent them for three days I may beat them altogether. Oh ! for some clothes to replace these tell-tale garments. Food and a bed. Oh ! to sleep in a bed again. But I must get farther away. Bramling must be about a mile down the line, and the trains will be running slow in a fog like this. I may have a chance to hook on somehow. Jasper Peplow and Sir Charles Ogbourne. Strange that I should hear these two names to-night. I am convinced now that Peplow played me false at the trial, and Ogbourne assisted him. I will have the truth out of them somehow."

He climbed up the embankment and reached the rails.

The fog was very dense, and he had to proceed cautiously, stopping every now and then to listen. He heard nothing until he was about half a mile from Bramling, and then a faint rumbling along the metals told him that a train was approaching.

He stood a few yards from the rails, and peered up and down the track. The sounds came nearer and nearer, and yet he could not tell in which direction. Then a glimmer of light to the right, a shrieking whistle to the left, and the awful horror of the situation dawned on him.

Two trains were approaching each other on the same line !

Realizing the impossibility of averting the catastrophe, Trevor sprang down the embankment. His foot slipped, and he fell headlong into a bed of bracken. A moment later the trains crashed together. A heavy weight struck the convict on the head and he lay insensible.

It was nearly an hour before he began to regain consciousness. His limbs were numbed and a weight lay across his chest and pinned down one arm. A confused murmur of voices reached him, and a few paces away a lantern flashed.

The fog was still intense, and Trevor, with a great effort, released himself from the weight and cautiously raised his head.

Very close to him two shadowy forms appeared to be bending over a sufferer.

"Dead ?"

"Not yet. A matter of a few hours; his case is hopeless. Bring those two men with a stretcher."

"Do you know him ?"

"By a strange chance I do. He is Sir Charles Ogbourne. Was mixed up in the Oldcastle murder case, you remember. It was his evidence that got Trevor convicted. He has been in South Africa ever since, and they are expecting him at Clovelly Chase to-night."

"Are you going to send him home ?"

"No. Bramling Hospital is much nearer. Time enough for the bad news to reach the Chase in the morning."

The shadows moved away, bearing between them an unconscious form, and Trevor sank back amongst the bracken. The words he had heard sounded like a dream. Sir Charles Ognourne, the man who had sworn away his liberty, and from whom Trevor had hoped to wring the truth, was being carried away in a dying condition. The one idea now firmly fixed in the convict's mind was to got to Bramling Hospital and demand the truth from Sir Charles before death claimed him.

Crawling on his hands and knees he came across the object which had fallen from the train and knocked him senseless. To his surprise he discovered that it was a portmanteau, and further investigation proved its contents to be clothes.

He experienced little difficulty in getting away unobserved, and stumbling blindly across two or three fields finally reached a cluster of trees, where he quickly rid himself of his convict's clothes and donned the grey tweed which the portmanteau contained. Then packing the bag with his prison garb he threw it into a clump of bushes and started for the read.

But an hour's wandering in the fog convinced him that he was absolutely ignorant of his whereabouts. He seemed to be stumbling through a park, and suddenly a house loomed up in front of him through the fog. It was a low, rambling building, with a veranda and trellis-work all round it. All was in darkness, save for one room on the first floor, and from this there flickered the fitful flames of a fire.

Fire and warmth. Trevor hesitated for an instant, then climbing up the trellis-work on to the veranda he looked into the room. It appeared to be empty, the fire was burning brightly, and a bed stood invitingly in a corner. The latch was unfastened, and the temptation too strong to be resisted. In a twinkling he was in the room and, crossing to the door, locked it.

It was evident that somebody was expected, for on a side table there were sandwiches, biscuits, fruit and wine, and Trevor fell upon the welcome viands with the ravenous energy of a three days' fast. The wine sent the blood coursing through his veins, and the generous heat of the fire restored feeling to his numbed limbs.

He drew the curtains across the window, and, reckless of the consequences, determined to snatch a few hours of rest in the luxurious bed.

Murmuring Kathleen's name he dropped off into a deep sleep, and his tired brain refused to wake until the sun was high in the heavens and a loud knocking at the door aroused him to his senses.

"Sir Charles ! Sir Charles ! Are you there ?" Trevor sprang from the bed in consternation.

"Yes," answered Trevor.

"We waited up for you until past midnight."

"Oh ! that's all right. There was an accident to the train, and I reached here very late. I am tired and shall not get up just yet."

"Very good, Sir Charles."

Trevor listened, and the footsteps died away along the corridor. The man had called him Sir Charles ; could it be that blind fate had led him to Clovelly Chase, the residence of Sir Charles Ogbourne ? It was evident, in any case, that he must get away as soon as possible ; any minute he might be discovered.

He caught sight of his face in the glass. That stubble of three days' beard must be removed. Razors were to his hand, shirts, underclothing, anything he required, and he lost no time in making a complete change in his appearance.

Cautiously unlocking the door he listened for a second, and then stole to the head of the stairs. All was quiet, and with noiseless footsteps he hurried down the stairs and reached the hall. The front door and liberty were before him. He hesitated for a moment, and then a bell pealed, and somebody on the other side of the door knocked for admittance. A servant was coming to answer the summons, and Trevor seeing the door of a room ajar, darted in and closed it after him.

The apartment was in darkness, and the windows closed by heavy shutters. A large screen stood by the fireplace, and behind this Trevor hid himself. And not a moment too soon, for hardly was he out of sight than the door opened and a servant entered, followed by a visitor.

"Of course, if you prefer this room, sir, I can light the gas fire, but I am afraid it will be rather cold."

"No matter, I prefer it."

The servant threw open the shutters, and as the morning sun streamed into the room Trevor beheld the face of Jasper Peplow.

"Send Miss Brookhurst in to me as soon as she arrives."

"Yes, sir."

The servant went over to the fireplace, and stooping down, not twelve inches from the hiding man, lit the gas fire. Then the front door bell pealed through the house again.

Peplow took a seat at the table with his back to Trevor. The screen was almost facing the door, and a crack near the hinges afforded Trevor a view of the room.

In another moment Kathleen Brookhurst entered, and Trevor's heart beat painfully as he once again beheld his loved one.

Peplow rose to greet her, but half way across the room she stopped.

"Well ?" she queried.

"Good morning, Miss Brookhurst."

"Well ?" she queried again, without moving.

"Have you no other greeting for me ?" he asked.

"I wish to know whether you have news for me, or whether this is merely another ruse to lure me into an interview."

"It is a successful one, at all events, but please be seated. I have news."

"So you have said for the last three years, ever since my lover was condemned for a crime of which he is innocent. You promised to aid me and work for his release. You have utilized every possible occasion to plead your own love for me, and while thus injuring the man I love, what have you done for his liberty ?"

"Am I to have no reward, Kathleen, I——"

"You told me some months ago you had discovered that the real criminal was Sir Charles Ogbourne—that Sir Charles was so filled with remorse that he was coming home to right the wrong. Was that true ?"

"Partly. Sir Charles wrote me that he was coming home."

"Has he arrived ?"

"He landed at Southampton yesterday."

"And he will speak ? Jack will be righted ? Tell me—tell me—where is Sir Charles ?"

"You cannot see him."

"I will see him. I must speak to him."

"Sir Charles Ogbourne is beyond the power of human speech. He was in the railway accident last evening, and died in Bramling Hospital this morning."

Kathleen Brookhurst looked at him for a moment in silence, then burying her face in her hands, burst into tears.

"Too late, too late," she moaned.

"No, not too late," answered Peplow. "I saw Sir Charles before he died, and obtained his signature to this document. Listen :

" 'I, Sir Charles Ogbourne, before I die, wish to confess to the murder of Geoffry Oldcastle, and thereby make some reparation for the terrible wrong done to John Trevor, now undergoing penal servitude for my crime. Geoffry Oldcastle had swindled me out of half my fortune, and when I demanded an explanation we quarrelled. In a fit of anger I seized a hunting-knife from the table and stabbed him. Hearing footsteps I turned off the electric light. Trevor entered the room. I knocked him selseless, threw him across the body of the murdered man, and placed the knife in his hand. I am glad to confess my crime before I die. May Trevor forgive me as I hope to be forgiven elsewhere.'

"This is signed by Sir Charles and witnessed by myself and two hospital officials. The other two witnessed, however, know nothing of the contents of the document, but merely signed as witnesses to the signature."

"But Jack, Jack is safe—free, free at last."

"Free ? Yes, if he hasn't been shot by a warder. Do you know that he escaped three days ago ?"

"Escaped !"

"Yes, the hue and cry is after the criminal, and he is likely to be shot if he resists capture."

"Then come, come at once, there is no time to be lost. We must place this confession in proper hands. Oh, hurry !"

"My dear Kathleen, there has been no inducement for me to hurry during the past three years. Why should I put on speed now ?"

"What do you mean ?"

"I mean that the information contained in this confession is no news to me. I knew it all three years ago. I knew it even when I undertook to defend Trevor."

"And—and you allowed them to convict him ?"

"I was a poor man then, Kathleen and I loved you. Trevor was in my way. I happened to see Sir Charles leaving the library after the murder. He had blood upon his hands, he bribed me to silence, and—well, every man has his price. I had one then, and I have one now, and a price that you must pay."

"I—must pay ?"

"Exactly. I loved you three years ago—I love you more than even now. I hold Trevor's liberty in my possession. This document will reach the proper quarter the day after you become my wife."

"Never !"

"Then I destroy this confession, and Trevor may rot in gaol until he died."

"You cannot do it."

Jasper Peplow began to slowly tear the paper across.

"Hold. Give me time; a minute—a minute."

"You consent ?"

"No, I cannot. Yes—yes, I consent; anything to save him."

"Then sign that."

He threw a paper across the table to her. It was a written promise to marry Jasper Peplow within a week.

She seized a pen, but hesitated for a moment. Jasper Peplow lifted the confession and tore it another inch. She hesitated no longer.

"Stop !"

The screen fell to the floor with a crash, a hand stretched out and seized the confession from Peplow's grasp, and Jack Trevor confronted them.

"Jack ! Jack !"

With a glad cry Kathleen threw herself into his arms.

"Trevor ! You here ?" gasped Peplow.

"Yes, you cowardly hound, you worse than murderer. Thank Heaven I am here—to regain my liberty, vindicate my honor, and protect my love."

At that moment the door was flung open, and Warder Clark covered Trevor with his gun.

"Throw up your hands, Trevor. The clothes you left in the park have betrayed you. The game is up."

"Yes, the game is up, and I win. I come with you willingly. Warder, take charge of this document; it is absolute proof of my innocence and the confession of the murderer. This cringing scoundrel has known the truth for three years, and know it even while he pretended to undertake my defence. One moment, warder, and I will come. Kathleen, true heart, we must part again for a few days, and then——"

"The love of my life will endeavor to blot out the cruelties you have suffered. Good-bye, my love."

As soon as possible the facts were laid before the authorities. Jasper Peplow was arrested as being an accessory after the fact, and received his sentence. Jack Trevor obtained pardon for a crime he never committed, but when once again he breathed the free air of liberty it took him many days to recover from the effects of the terrible time when he was the object of the hue and cry.—London Tit-Bits.

Piles
To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

A GOOD FOOT RULE.

A certain pawnbroker, hearing that a large boot and shoe establishment was giving away a present of "a foot rule with every pair of boots or shoes they sold," told his wife about the bargain, and said that as her shoes were nearly done for he would give her money to buy a new pair if she gave him the foot rule when she came back, as he wanted to sell it and so get back part of the money paid for the shoes.

His wife went to the shop and, after a great deal of trouble, got a pair to please her. As she was leaving the shopman gave her a small box which, he said, contained a foot rule. She went home delighted with her bargain, and, seeing her better-half at the door, she handed him the box. When he opened it he found to his disgust, instead of the foot rule he wanted, a small slip of paper, on which was written, "Avoid tight shoes." That pawnbroker does not believe in bargains now.

Lord Bacon was the youngest barrister ever made a King's Counsel. He was 29 when he became K.C. in 1590.

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TRADE WITH SOUTH AFRICA

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY CANADA TO PROMOTE IT.

The Large Amount of Foodstuffs Which This Country Can Supply.

The pacification of South Africa, and the establishment of a direct line of steamers, has naturally caused the Canadian manufacturers and shippers to examine the conditions which surround the new field of trade and commerce, and many inquiries are being made. It is desirable that these conditions should be generally known, and it is not quite amiss to recall the fact that two years ago a Dominion agent was sent to the Cape to examine and report. Mr. W. W. Moore has reported to the Department of Agriculture that he has conversed with leading importers at the great centres, and that the outlook is most promising. It is none too soon for Canadians to wake up and do their utmost to obtain a good footing in the newly-annexed country.

The Canadian Department of Agriculture has received many inquiries as to what South Africa requires and how it may best acquire it.

In the first place, South Africa requires everything that Canada has to offer ; and it requires it in two grades—the best that can be supplied in open competition at market price ; and the best that can be supplied irrespective of price.

Naturally, the first must receive primary consideration, especially when the fact is recalled that in the very year that war was proclaimed the South African market turnover to the United States of America was eighteen million dollars. This was not the result of spasmodic effort but the outcome of direct personal commercial representation

FOR A SERIES OF YEARS

on the spot. To quote Mr. W. W. Moore, of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, who was sent out to ascertain all the details of South African trade relations and practices :—"The magnitude and value of the South African market has been recognized by the business houses of the United States for years past, and by persistent efforts and good business tactics they have there built up a substantial trade."

Business cannot be done in South Africa by proxy any more than it can in India. Catalogues, circulars, pamphlets, bills, letters soliciting business without a personal canvass and fair sized samples are as useless as mustard without meat. To do anything there a firm must know the conditions of trade and the local manner of conducting business; and the local traders must know the standing and business methods of any firm before they will do business with them. Once get in the thin end of the wedge and the entire factory may follow ; but getting the start in is the difficulty.

The United States, New Zealand, and Australia are all doing well in South Africa; then why should Canada be less successful ? Now the tide is at the flood, and if Canada neglects so great an opportunity to her apathy and indifference must be attributed future failure.

What does South Africa require that Canada can supply by our newly organized direct steamship line ?

THE COLONY OF NATAL,

of which Durban is the chief city and port, requires annually $1,123,435 worth of flour, which is admitted free of duty; and as the first consignment of Canadian flour was landed there during Mr. Moore's visit, and proved satisfactory in every respect, the dealers being so pleased with the quality that they despatched repeat orders in Mr. Moore's presence ; here is a staple commodity for which a stable demand exists. They require a hard spring wheat flour, and Canadian products will get the preference over those of other countries. Natal consumes $106,360 worth of imported cheese, Canadian Cheddars meeting a ready sale. The seventy pound cheese will do for Durban town trade, but the country trade can only be commanded when each cheese does not exceed 20 pounds in weight. The same colony requires $435,710 worth of butter per annum. The 56 pound box will do for the local trade of Durban; but the interior trade will only touch tinned butter put up in one, two or five pound tins respectively.

There is an import duty of six cents per pound on both cheese and butter. On bacon and hams the import duty is 4 cents per pound, and $145,515 worth are required annually. Hitherto Canadian hams have been purchased in London and Liverpool and thence shipped to the Colony. Mr. Moore was informed by several grocers that Canadian bacon was the best on the Durban market, and it is preferred over all other kinds.

CAPE COLONY,

of which Cape Town, East London, and Port Elizabeth are the distributing centres, the latter for the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and the northern part of Cape Colony, requires at least $4,185,070 worth of wheat a year, the duty on wheat being 50 cents per hundredweight, but that on flour is $1.12 per hundredweight, the extra impost being to encourage wheat milling in the Colony for they only require $368,690 worth of flour imported in the course of twelve months. On cheese and butter the import duty is 6 cents per pound. Of the former the Colony requires $353,290 worth a year, and of the latter $818,855 per annum. While our 70 pound cheese may be suitable for Cape Town, all other places demand small cheeses, not in any case exceeding 20 pounds each. Box butter may sell in Cape Town, but nowhere else, the demand being for one, two and five pound tins. In bacon and hams the wants are similar to those in Natal.

A few of the many other food products required which Canada can supply are potatoes, dried and tinned fruits, canned meats, frozen and chilled meats, rolled oats, condensed milk, split peas and beans, tinned vegetables, British Columbia tinned salmon, and jams ; and in industrial products all kinds of manufactured articles.

So much for the articles that must encounter competitive prices. In the past "price" rather than "quality" has ruled in South Africa; but this mainly applied to the up-country trade, because in the towns the well-to-do class want and must have a good article, prices being a secondary consideration. But this feature of South African trade will, no doubt, become less prominent as the interior becomes more thickly settled and its inhabitants more prosperous.

HIS IDEA.

Do you think it's right for a man to call his wife down ?

It isn't a question of right ; it's a question of courage.

SOME JAPANESE PROVERBS

The Japs Have Some Really Fine Sayings.

The Japanese do not expect to gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles any more than we do, but their less picturesque phrasing of the thought is, "The spawn of frogs will become nothing but frogs." When we say, "Those who play with edged tools must expect to cut their fingers," the Jap says, "If you keep tigers you are likely to have trouble."

The idea of our "All lay the load on the willing horse," appears somewhat obscurely in the Jap. "Those who know the ropes do most of the hauling." Our "Oil and water won't mix" is by them very oddly expressed in "You can't rivet a nail in a potato custard."

"Famous swords are made of iron scrapings" is a more picturesque saying than our "Despise not the day of small things." Our commonplace "Out of evil good may come" finds with them a fine poetical expression in "The lotus springs from the mud," and in point of poignancy our "Adding insult to injury" is vastly inferior to their "Rubbing salt on a sore."

Judging by the numerous proverbs on the subject, one would be inclined to think that a large number of persons in Japan are apt to attempt impossibilities. Such persons are described as "Building bridges to the clouds," or "Throwing stones at the sun," or "Dipping up the ocean with a shell," or "Scattering a fog with a fan."

There is a strong pessimistic strain in the Japanese, which finds expression in such proverbs as "After pleasure comes grief," "Hearing is a paradise, but seeing is hell" "Better nourish a dog than an unfaithful servant," "Catch a thief and find he is your own son." A very low appreciation of the pleasures likely to fall to any man's share in this world is indicated in, "If you hate a man, let him live," and "The tortures of hell are graduated according to the amount of money one has" holds out no very encouraging prospect of a world to come.

The Japanese have some really fine sayings, worthy of universal acceptance, such as "Thine own heart makes the world," or "The poet at home sees the entire universe," or "The throne of the gods is on the brows of a righteous man."

Their nice observance of manners is evidenced by sayings such as "Excess of politeness becomes impoliteness," their national suspiciousness in the like of "Don't trust a pigeon to carry grain;" and the handy man's abhorrence of a bungler finds expression in numerous quips such as "Learning to swim in a field," or "Scratching the foot with the shoe on."

Making oxalic acid out of sawdust is the work of 12 British manufactories, 6 German, 1 French, and 1 Belgian. Yellow and white pine dust is the best material.

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GIBRALTAR OF IRELAND

OR IT MAY BE CALLED THE KEY TO THE ATLANTIC.

A Great Fortification on the West Coast Just Finished.

After seven years' work the defences at Berehaven are almost completed. Berehaven is at the mouth of Bantry Bay, Ireland, and Bantry Bay has the only landing place for troops in 200 miles of iron-bound creeks between Shannon Mouth and Queenstown, says the London Daily Mail.

This channel, all the way up to Bantry and Glengariff, where the piers and beaches are, is tormented by Atlantic storms. In the worst of these the warships of the whole world might ride commodiously at anchor behind Bere Island.

The island was treeless and rocky but fir and pine trees planted by the Royal Engineers' Department will make the island some day picturesque. A spacious broken hollow full of bog, has been drained out, levelled up with tippings, and laid with loam and green turf as a recreation ground for the garrison and the crews of visiting ships. Barracks and mess-rooms for all the troops that will be needed have been almost finished.

BATTERIES ON BERE ISLAND

From each end of Bere Island two fine batteries look out across the bay. They have the best modern armament of any island batteries in the kingdom.

An approaching enemy would first be hampered by the western batteries, one above the other—three 6 inch guns and three 4.7's. Occasional big shells would greet the enemy, too, from the big 9.2 guns on the eastern batteries. But the others defend the western entrance to the harbor, which, moreover, is so narrow that it could easily be abandoned.

The eastern batteries, commanding the bay where its channel contracts a little, would give a good account of any ships trying to run a gauntlet and get round the island. Besides the two guns of greatest calibre, for which five miles is hardly more than a point-blank range, there are here four 6-inch guns in pairs. Hidden quick-firing batteries along the shore keep watch for torpedo boats, and they could give any battleship a very warm reception.

INGENIOUSLY CONSTRUCTED.

The big guns are so protected in front that only a long shot, dropping by extraordinary luck into the very magazine, could damage them. Shells an inch too high, or shells that struck the sloping concrete of their breast-works, would fly across the harbor or burst in the air harmlessly.

It is amazing to see the strength and perfection of their great casemated magazines, with ample space for the gunners to work and to live. Major Speranza, who has just made an end of his labors there, may very well be satisfied.

Finally there is a rifle range, with 12 targets, 800 to 2,000 yards where the men of the Channel Squadron will do their practice; and there is plenty of ground for skirmishing work.

Its value to the empire will be mainly that of a great coaling station, where half a million tons of coal may be stored. This depot, so much nearer to North America than any other, will so increase the fighting range of the British navy that its cruisers and destroyers should be able to outrun those of any European power attacking our trans-Atlantic trade. Berehaven may then be called the key of the Atlantic.

HAVE YOU A GERMAN LAUGH?

"There are savages in the heart of Africa, who never laugh at all," said a student of ethnology. "They grin, that is all; and this lack of the quality of laughter is a symptom of their low mentality. The Chinaman has no hearty bursts of laughter. He titters cynically—titters over the misfortune of an enemy or the elopement of the daughter of a friend. He cannot laugh. When he is delighted, or amused, or happy, he just looks calm. The Frenchman has a reserved laugh, one which he holds well in hand. Being a great stickler for dignity, he is afraid that a loud and honest laugh would injure his deportment. It would demean him in the eyes of the world. You will not hear much male laughter in Paris, though it is true that the women there have a cultivated, musical 'ha-ha-ha,' that they use in cafes when they wish to attract somebody's attention. The German's laugh is cavernous. It comes from far down somewhere in his stomach. The laugh of the Irishman is, upon the contrary, rather soprano; not a stomach laugh, not even a chest laugh, but a head one. The English and the Americans laugh the best. Their mirth is so naturally and heartily and musically expressed that you cannot but rejoice on hearing it."

WHAT IT IS LIKE.

Dr. Nachtigal, the celebrated African explorer, was the guest of a rich Hamburg merchant. The merchant's son, a young man of somewhat sentimental temperament, said, among other things, that his dearest wish was to ride across the desert on the back of a camel. He thought such a ride must be very poetical indeed.

"My dear young friend," replied the explorer, "I can tell you how you can get a partial idea of what riding a camel on the deserts of Africa is like. Take an office stool, screw it up as high as possible, and put it into a wagon without any springs; then seat yourself on the stool, and have it driven over rocky and uneven ground during the hottest weather of July or August and after you have not had anything to eat or drink for twenty-four hours, and then you will get a faint idea of how delightfully poetic it is to ride on a camel in the wilds of Africa."

In 32 out of 100 cases a man's left arm is stronger than his right.

Many Coughs and Bad Colds
The Recent Cold Snap Responsible for Much Sickness—Relief and Cure is Obtainable by the Use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

"The first cold I have had this fall," you hear people say, as they cough violently. And to hear the coughing you would think that comparatively few people have escaped it.

The sudden changes of temperature at this season, when people are not clothed to protect themselves, are almost sure to bring trouble, and one can never tell where a cold is going to end.

It may wear away, but it is more likely to hold on and be added to by cold after cold, until some serious element is developed—perhaps consumption or pneumonia, perhaps kidney disease or liver complaint.

The wise plan is to nip the trouble in the bud by promptly curing the cough and cold before it fastens itself on the vital organs; and in this connection we suggest Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Not that there is any scarcity of cough mixtures, but because this preparation is more than a mere cough cure, has stood the test of time, and never had such an enormous sale as it has to-day. This we consider the strongest evidence of its worth as a treatment for coughs and colds.

Composed as it is of linseed, turpentine and half a dozen other ingredients of known virtue in the cure of colds, this remedy is far-reaching in action, and positively cures the cold as well as giving prompt relief to coughing, hoarseness, sore throat, etc.

There are many imitations of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, so be careful when buying and look for the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the wrapper. This is the strongest guarantee any medicine can have.

Children delight to take Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and it is a positive cure for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, coughs and colds; 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.